

THE COMET.

N. C. T. LOVE, Publisher.
ROBT. L. TAYLOR, Editor.
ROBT. BURROW, Editor.

Johnson City, Tenn., March 29, 1884.

Tilden's nomination would unite the democratic party. The great crime of 1876 would be brought before the minds of the American people. It would overshadow all other questions. Issues that now disturb would be forgotten. The whole of disorganization would be hushed. The popular heart would quiver with enthusiasm, and a solid democracy would march to the ballot box, and on the 4th day of March in the year of our Lord 1885, amid the boom of cannon, the music of bands and the shouts of millions, the grand old statesman would be seated in the presidential chair where he ought to have sat eight years ago.

Drake editor of the *Chronicle*, says: We take it back and apologize. The editorials of the *Johnson City Comet* are not thin. They are thick, very thick, almost as thick and dull as the head whence they emanate.

Old mother Widdle Widdle
Jumped out of the bed,
And out of the window
She popped her old head:
"John, John, John,
Your black drake's gone,
The fox passed through the town
oh,
The town oh, the town oh!"

Quack on Mr. Drake; quack thin or quack thick, 'tis all at your peril Mr. Drake—"Into the jaws of hell rode the six hundred."

That Candidate for Governor.

Some time since the editor of the *Morristown Gazette*, announced to the country that he had an intellectual giant of Democratic proclivities, tied out in the bushes, who was just chafing the bit, and pawing the earth, to get to run an independent race against Bate for Governor, and furthermore that if the Republicans would just let him canvass the State with Bate, he would literally demolish the Governor. That he knew what he said, and was authorized to speak. We were reminded at the time of one of these overgrown fellows, who imagining himself injured, and insulted, pulls off his coat, takes off his hat, and slams it down hard against the ground, and then jumping up and down, yells out: "let me see to him! let me see to him!" when no one is either holding him, or standing between him and his enemy.

Look here uncle John, if you want your horse to run, why don't you trot him out on the track for inspection? Come now, trot him out and publish his pedigree. Does this describe him? He had a ewe neck, a hammer head, A knife blade back all sore and red, With one eye and the other blind, He racks before and trots behind, And all his feet the gravel grind And all his legs convolving wind. His hammer head went up and down, His little tail did switch around, To give his back a gentle sway, His tail was short, his mane was thin, His lips hung loose, his teeth did grin, And he was a very fine boss.

Uncle John Helm, of the *Morristown Gazette*, is on the war path. Thus to the *Knoxville Tribune*.

It is to be regretted that a paper seeking to be the metropolitan expositor of its party, should descend to the lowest arts of the most degraded journalism, in the manifestation of its impotent spleen. Last week the *Knoxville Tribune* published an article purporting to have been written from Morristown, over the signature of O. C. K., containing a dirty fling at the editor of this paper, and a covert sneer at our townsman Col. O. C. King. We believe the article was written in the *Tribune* office by one of the editors of that paper. We know that Col. King did not write it, and we know that the *Tribune* knew that fact, and we denounce its publication as a dirty piece of editorialscurrility which could not have been perpetrated in any newspaper office in East Tennessee except the office of the *Knoxville Tribune*.

MR. TILDEN AND THE STAR-ROUTE CASES.—The New York Sun, alluding to the statement of Mr. George Bliss, to the effect that previous to the democratic national convention of 1880, Hon. Samuel J. Tilden had Mr. A. M. Gibson employed in gathering up testimony in the star-route cases, says: "The leading members of the democratic national committee who conducted the canvass for Gen. Hancock were trusted friends of Mr. Tilden. They knew that Mr. Tilden had collected no information respecting the star-route frauds for use in case he should be the democratic candidate, for they knew that he at no time desired or intended to be that candidate, and that he would have withheld from them no information in his possession which could have aided Gen. Hancock. Neither Mr. Gibson, who was at one time a correspondent of the Sun, nor Mr. C. F. McLean, who was not an adopted son of Mr. Tilden, but only a very remote connection, had any commission or agency from Mr. Tilden in respect to collecting evidence concerning the star-route frauds."

What They Say About "The Comet."

The first issue of the *COMET*, a new paper started in Johnson City by Robert Taylor and Robert Burrow, is on our table. The *COMET* is spicy and entertaining, and we predict for it a wide orbit.—*Rogersville Telephone*.

We have received the first number of the *Johnson City Comet*, edited by Taylor & Burrow. It is a seven column folio, neat in appearance and well edited. We wish it abundant success.—*Greenville Democrat*.

The *Comet*, the new paper published at Johnson City, made its appearance last week. N. C. T. Love is the publisher, and Hon. Robt. L. Taylor and Robt. Burrow, Esq., the editors. It is orthodox in religion and sound politically. It favors Bate for Governor. We wish our friends a prosperous voyage on the stormy sea of journalism.—*Bristol Courier*.

The *Comet* is the latest phenomenon. It arose in Johnson City, on the 15th inst, having a rather bright and handsome appearance, and is about the size of a (the) *STAR*, of first magnitude. Never heard of a comet and star colliding, but if they should, we trust the world would not come to an end. The *COMET* is guided in its course by Hon. R. L. Taylor and Robert Burrow, Esq., and offers its light to the people at \$1.25 a year. We welcome it to our galaxy of exchanges.—*Central Star*.

The *Johnson City Comet* is the latest journalistic venture in this Congressional district. It is published at Johnson City, Tenn., and edited by Hon. R. L. Taylor and Robt. Burrow. The first and second numbers of the new paper reached our sanctum, and give evidence of enterprise and industry on the part of both editors and publisher. It is a four-page paper, containing seven columns of printed matter to the page, and is neatly printed and well-filled with original and selected matter. Politically, it claims to be Democratic, but is in sympathy with the more corrupt element of the party—the element that is controlled by the Penitentiary Ring. We wish the *Comet* success, but are fearful it has thrown out the wrong bait for such.—*Morristown Gazette*.

A new Democratic newspaper, *The Comet*, has made its appearance at Johnson City, R. L. Taylor, and Robt. Burrow Editors, and N. Love Publisher. The publisher failed to send us a copy, but we discovered it all the same bobbing around in the political sky, and as a faithful REPORTER we tell the people about it. Most of our friends remember seeing the Taylor (or) end of it pass over this country, moving toward Washington D. C., about two years ago. But, alas, it went down like a wandering star and when last heard from was Burrowed at Johnson City in a law office. Its appearance is lovely, it sports a spreading, airy, anecdotal Taylor (or) and is likely to be eternally Burrowed next November, together with the Democratic party.—*Taylorsville Reporter*.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 26, '84. MR. EDITOR:—On Monday of last week, a couple of specimens of "The Comet" reached me, and on applying the microscope to them I was convinced by certain traces that they were escaped particles from a valuable source. There was in either specimen, however, discoveries made which looked like, and seemed to be identical with the dark confused shadows and spots on the following well known aerolites, viz: The N. Y. Sun; the *Courier Journal*, the *New Orleans Picayune*, the *Atlanta Constitution* and the *Washington Post*. These dark spots rendered a thorough investigation very difficult, but after throwing light upon them from the N. Y. Herald, Philadelphia Times and the National Republican, the difficulty was remedied. It is hoped that "The Comet" may gradually become brighter and brighter, that its shadows may soon disappear, and that it may eventually become the reflector of the universal and unmediated truth.

THE COMETS' bow to the country and the people, is acknowledged in these parts; and holding our dress on either side with the dainty thumb and fore-finger of either hand, placing one foot before the other, assuming the shuffle and expression, and striking the attitude of a society Miss, making a slight cork bend in the spinal column, describing a semicircle with the front foot, at the same time bending one knee, we return the salute. Barring the one dark spot mentioned in its salutatory, we subscribe in full to its principles.

A newspaper is always indicative of enterprise of some kind in any place. Indeed, in these times, it is one of the natural outgrowths of new life, stimulated by the energy and push of a live community. All who are interested in that part of the country rejoice that Johnson City is making such strides toward the development and establishment of so many enterprises, and has such flattering prospects for the near future. In this, the Capitol of our country, Tennesseans never lose interest in their State. They are as loyal to it here as they are when at home. They are as eager to get news from Tennessee as they are to meet and greet a dear friend who might be visiting here.

When many of us first came to this city we were very much amused at how the people acted. Their ways were so different from ours. But observing that most of them acted alike, we concluded that they must be nearer right than ourselves, so we have quit laughing and have learned their ways, although we do not practice them to excess. There are over a hundred and fifty Tennesseans here employed in the Government Departments, and I am certain that there is not a single one among them. Hardly a single State represented here can say that. It is almost as good as a circus to our country folks to take a stroll down Pennsylvania Avenue on a clear, calm, bright evening about four o'clock. All the dudes and dandies, fops and fopesses, and many other creatures select that time and place for a pleasant parade.

Torch-light processions given in honor of the victors in politics are very popular in our country, but these Avenue parades beat them out of sight. The fashions, the manners and customs of city people and city life are well exhibited on these occasions.

The season of Lent is observed by many of the leaders in fashion, and as they do not indulge themselves in the amusements and gayeties during the forty days of fasting, they seem to derive much pleasure by exhibiting themselves on the avenues and popular streets.

But taken all in all, Washington is the most popular winter resort of any city in the whole country.

Respectfully,
GRANGER.

From the Hub to Knoxville.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Took train at the "Hub" at 11 a. m. The train was literally packed. A large number of emigrants going West, some to Kansas, some to Arkansas and some to Oregon.

Sheriff Frazier, of Greene, got aboard at Greenville, and is on his way to Lexington, Ky., to bring back one Hoard, who was under bonds to appear at last term of Greene Circuit Court, on a felony charge but made default. He is suspected as one of the murderers of Mrs. Hunter. Two of his brothers are also accused, and one is jailed in Greenville, the other at Rogersville. James M. Hunter, husband of the murdered woman was on the train. He offers \$2,000 reward for arrest and conviction of the murderer or murderers.

On leaving Rogersville Junction we encountered the most terrific rain and hail storm I ever witnessed. We soon ran through, but struck another at Strawberry Plains. At McMillans the earth was covered with hail, and for miles this side. They were more than half, probably about the size of a partridge egg, some as large, apparently from the car window, as a small hen's egg. At one place I saw quite a cord of hail in one bank. The hail grew scarce as we neared Knoxville, but probably larger. Reached Knoxville 8 1/2 p. m. and as I passed along Gay Street, such a crash of glass I never before saw. Most of the window glass on the east side of Gay Street were broken, none but the large heavy french plate in front of shop windows was able to resist the hail stones, some of which were larger than a large sized hen's egg, so it was ascertained to me by good authority as Rev. G. Taylor. The large glass 3 by 5 feet of the second and third stories of the Meek block, were nearly all smashed, as well as hundreds of others of those large double thick glass. I learn that it required \$75,000 worth of glass to replace the broken ones in the Woodruff & Co. building; and that every glass was broken in east end of the Hampden Sidney school building. At 5 p. m. another fearful rain storm and heavy hail storm swept Knoxville, within twenty minutes another heavy rain and hail storm. From Morristown to Knoxville lakes of water stand all along the road in wheat fields, in old corn fields and woodland, some of them a quarter of mile long and along the railroad track, and sometimes over it. It is fearfully, alarmingly wet. Not a furrow plowed for spring out from Johnsons to Knoxville, along the road, and except in a small field at Limestone, plowed and now mostly under water, not a furrow plowed for corn.

A wet and gloomy outlook; and a poor time for friend Berry to finish your scribbles porch. R.

The Entombed Virginia Miners.
A Young Girl Promising to Marry the Man who Recovers her Father's Body.
POCAHONTAS, VA., March 23.—The excitement on Friday night, when the indignation meeting was held to endeavor to compel the owners of the burning mines to reopen the same and recover the bodies of the 152 entombed miners, has subsided in a measure, and no desperate means will be employed by the residents to force a compliance with their wishes. As it was announced that the Rev. Charles Ashley, pastor of Union Church, would deliver an address on the condition of affairs, the little chapel was thronged with relatives and friends of the dead miners. Fully 500 persons were unable to effect an entrance, and had to be content to listen to the discourse through the windows.

Mr. Ashley said he was sorry to see the violent feeling that existed, and hoped that no steps would be taken

by the relatives or friends of the dead miners to recover the bodies against the wishes of the mine owners, whom he felt sure had acted wisely in sealing up the mine, as it was impossible to effect an entrance or relieve those who were entombed. He was also sorry to hear that among the large assemblage on Friday no white man arose to advise, discretion be used, and that it was a colored man who told them what they should do as sensible men. "Standing here, with more than a hundred bodies of your friends and relatives under my feet, I do not hesitate to say you have been unwise," continued the preacher. "You must be patient, and do nothing to bring discredit upon yourselves or your dead friends." The address was listened to with marked attention, and had a good effect for a time.

After the church was closed a large party of men assembled at the main entrance to the mine, and a long consultation was held. Only those who were known to each other were permitted to take a part in the discussion. The result of their deliberations was not made public. Some think that a plan of action to try to enter the mine was agreed upon.

Superintendent Lathrop said to-day that the opinion of the expert miners employed by the company is that the fire in the mine is being gradually extinguished, and it is likely that an entrance may be effected on Tuesday.

The women are not so easily quieted as the men. A large number have husbands, brothers, or sweethearts among the victims, and an illustration of the taunts and pleadings to which the men are subjected was given to-day when a young girl named Mollie Morris the belle of the village, jumped upon a barrel, and, in the hearing of two dozen men, promised solemnly to marry the man who recovered the body of her father. The appeal met with no response, and with the remark, "No, you are all cowards," Mollie rejoined the other women.

Obituary.

Mrs. Mary J. Taylor, widow of the late David A. Taylor, died at the residence of her son-in-law, Wilburn Hodges, in this city at 1 o'clock p. m., last Wednesday. This now, sainted woman was born March 30th 1819, in Sullivan County. When but a little girl 11 years old she gave her tender heart to her God, and joined the Methodist Church. She married in 1837 and was the mother of eleven children, six of whom have survived her.

Cousin Mary lived a blameless life. All who knew her, loved her, and when that pure heart ceased to throb, heavens portals opened to receive her sinless soul. The last words that lingered on her pale quivering lips were each one a prophecy of resurrection, heaven, bliss, immortality. In this world she lived, and loved and suffered. But she is gone now. Gone to live in peace with her loved ones in the Paradise of Eternity; gone from suffering and pain and tears to the land of life and light where the pangs of death never enters, where sickness and sorrow are strangers, where immortal youth blooms on every cheek.

Let her sleep on; dust to dust, ashes to ashes, but the spirit is forever blessed. R. L. T.

Tuesday's Cyclone.

CINCINNATI, March 26.—A Despatch to the Commercial Gazette, says: Boyd, Ky., March 25.—About four p. m. to-day, a destructive cyclone passed over here, blowing down everything in its way. The inmates of the houses fled to wells and cellars—many persons were injured, and live stock blown about like feathers. Rough estimates place the damages at five hundred thousand dollars. The homeless are being cared for.

GREENFIELD, IND., March 25.—A heavy storm of wind and rain this afternoon blew down fences and out buildings and unroofed many houses.

BIRMINGHAM, IND., March 25.—A destructive storm occurred here at 5 o'clock this afternoon.

CONNEERSVILLE, IND., March 25.—A cyclone passed about one mile south of this place this afternoon, tearing down whole forests. So far as known no lives were lost.

ATLANTA, GA., March 25.—A cyclone to-day struck Gaine ville, unroofing several houses and killing a negro woman.

LOUISVILLE, KY., March 25.—A Falmouth, Kentucky, special to the *Courier Journal* says: A fearful cyclone passed through the woods just south of that town on the Kentucky railroad at two o'clock this afternoon. The track of the cyclone was a half mile wide from East to West, upturning trees and everything else in its path. Many trees were blown across the railroad track, and are now being cleared away by workmen. So far, no lives have been reported lost, nor any dwellings destroyed.

LEXINGTON, KY., March 25.—It was reported here, to-night, that the village of Colemansville, in Harrison county, forty miles from here, was almost destroyed by the cyclone which swept over it at five o'clock this afternoon. It is said ten persons were killed by flying debris and fifteen or twenty injured. There is nothing definite known.

DAYTON, O., March 25.—Further details of the cyclone near this city confirm the first reports of the damage done. Six miles south of the city the destruction was most general and

frightful. It first appeared in a southerly direction from Lebanon and passed rapidly to the northeast. Its track was most marked in the vicinity of Oakridge, on the narrow gauge railroad, where whole forests have been leveled and the buildings razed, the railroad is blocked by the falling timber and the trains delayed. Near Oakridge, the house and barn, and other out-buildings belonging to Thos. Andrews, was blown quite a distance by the wind and buried under the falling timber. The path of the cyclone was fifty yards in width and the forests show where it rose from the earth and descended again on the Lebanon pike. It passed between the house and barn of William Payne, but high up, and did but little damage. A little daughter of Absolom Wilson, it is affirmed, was crushed under the timbers of a barn near Oakridge, and other loss of life is feared. The full extent of the loss cannot yet be given.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 26.—A special to the *Daily Register* from Greenville, in this State, says a severe cyclone passed over Anderson, near Piedmont, yesterday, destroying the house of a Mr. Watson. Three of his children are thought to be fatally injured.

LOUISVILLE, KY., March 26.—A special to the *Courier-Journal* from London, Ky., says: A terrific cyclone passed near this place and Pittsburg, two miles north of here, about 4 p. m., yesterday. The Methodist church was razed to the ground and much other property damaged. At Pittsburg, Jno. Hallman, a brakeman, was blown from a freight car and carried about fifty feet, lighting on his head in a creek. His neck was broken. Three freight cars, two coal oil tanks and the caboose were blown from the track, and several persons were slightly injured. A little cabin occupied by a family named Broughton, was blown down, and Mrs. Broughton and two little children were instantly killed.

The following persons are thought to be mortally wounded: Col. C. W. Stringer, both legs broken and cut in the head; Mrs. C. W. Stringer, hip smashed; Robt. Ridings, spinal column broken and cut in the head; Miss Sallie Goff, cut in the head; James Warren, two ribs broken and wounded in the head.

Logan's Chances for the Nomination.

His Right-Hand Man Disposes of the Other Candidates—Blaine to be Feared.
MR. DANIEL SHEPPARD, of Chicago, is known among politicians as Senator Logan's right hand man. He has been in Washington for some time past on campaign matters, but left last week. Before his departure he was interviewed by a Post reporter as to Logan's prospects for nomination.

"What was the origin of the Logan boom?" asked the reporter.
"It originated with the soldiers, who as you know, are held together throughout the country by means of the Grand Army of the Republic. These organizations have been holding meetings quite regularly of late, and this matter has been talked over, and they have come to the conclusion that a soldier must be elected by the Republican party this year, and they have decided, it seems, upon General Logan."

"What are the chances of other candidates who are mentioned?"

"To whom do you refer?"

"To Edmunds, Grant, Arthur, the Sherburns, and Lincoln."

Edmunds," said Mr. Sheppard, "would like to be President, and his apparent anxiety for fear he would not be elected to the presidency, protem, of the Senate showed that he wished to be as close to the place as possible in case of accident, but he is a narrow-minded, puritanical New Englander, and altogether too partisan to be considered for a moment. He would not suit the people."

"What of Grant?"

"He is not a candidate at all, and is not meddling in politics. He is on the political retired list."

"And Arthur?"

"He has no chance whatever. There are certain forces working against him day and night. He is being undermined by Blaine and others in a quiet but effectual manner."

"How about Uncle John Sherman and Gen. Tecumseh?"

"The former has and is still flaunting what remains of the bloody shirt, of which the American people are tired and disgusted, and as to the other, he does not want it and the people don't want him."

"What are the chances of Secretary Lincoln?"

"The Republican party have not come to the point where they are compelled to run a man simply upon the name he bears. Lincoln does not possess any attribute of his father. The Secretary is a Todd in every point except his name. He is an aristocrat and will never be nominated by the party which stood by his father. If an Eastern man is nominated for President he may stand a chance of getting the second place on the ticket."

"So, amongst them all, you think Logan is the most available man?"

"I do."

"What of Blaine?"

"He is keeping very quiet and says he does not want it, but there is no telling what may happen if his friends push him forward at the last moment. He has a host of friends and admirers, and he may be flashed upon the convention at a time when the power of his name and record may carry him through against all opposition."

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Slander.

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"Who stabs my name, would stab my person too. Did not the hangman's axe lie in the way."

The individual who penned the following must have had some conception of the evil of slander, or he could not have depicted it so horribly.

"Twice night, and such a night as earth ne'er saw before. Murky clouds veiled the fair face of heaven, and gave to pitchy darkness a still deeper dye. The moon had fled.

The stars had closed their eyes, for deeds were doing which they dared not look upon. For a time the pure streams became stagnant and ceased to flow. The mountains trembled. The forest dropped its leaves. The flowers lost their fragrance and withered. All nature became desolate. In gloom and gloom, harpies screamed, and satyrs revelled beneath the upas. Domestic beasts crept near the abode of men. The lion relinquished his half-eaten prey. The tiger forgetful of his fierceness, ran howling to his lair, and even the hyena quitted his repast of dead men's bones. Man alone, of all earth's creatures, slept, but still he slept as if the boding of some half-unknown calamity sat brooding o'er his mind. Aspiring youths would mutter at blasted hopes, long cherished. Young, fair, and gifted maidens would start, and trembling weep their injured innocence. Mothers, too, would half awake, and press their trembling nurslings to their breasts, and breathe to heaven another prayer for their protection. On such a night, hell yawned, and gave to earth a Slanderer

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